

THE NESTING DOLL

Written by

Todd Bronson

1045 Via Camelia St
Henderson, NV 89031
702-839-8307
Todbronson@embarqmail.com

FADE IN

INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAY

The walls are gray and plain. The interrogation room hasn't changed since 1960 when Norman Bates was incarcerated.

QUINN aka DOCTOR HYPNASTY (early 30's) sits in a straight back chair at a table in the middle of the room.

His raven black hair and goatee suggest a sinister, doctoral appearance. The enigmatic Quinn focuses on a fly landing on a tape recorder which is set on the table. A kitschy female Nesting Doll is next to it.

SUPER: "2004"

The fly BUZZES and lands on his hand. He does not flinch or move.

HALL

A DETECTIVE (50) carries two coffees. A POLICE WOMAN snaps her fingers in his face.

POLICE WOMAN

Making sure he hasn't hypnotized you.

DETECTIVE

He IS making me sleepy.

DETENTION ROOM

The Detective sets both cups on the table.

Unlike the film Psycho, the fly is smashed dead on the table. The Detective inspects the fly and the emotionless Quinn. With a quick flick of his index finger, the fly is discarded to the floor.

DETECTIVE

Encore. (clap, clap) Encore. This time with restrained, orderly detail and without the consistent, annoying interruptions of "not guilty."

QUINN

But...

The Detective cuts him short with a finger to his lips to hush.

Quinn sips the coffee as the Detective flips on the recorder.

QUINN (cont'd)

I believe the stage was set and the script was written before I dove mindlessly into my role of a mark. So many characters. So much deception.

DETECTIVE

Just start the show, Doctor.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

QUINN (V.O.)

It started on Manhunt.

Quinn clicks on profiles of nude men.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

The dating site? Like Farmer's Only or Christian Mingle?

QUINN (V.O.)

If Peter was blowing Paul. I was horny, cruising profiles.

An adorable photo of a bare-chested, sandy-haired twenty-five year old hugs an acoustic guitar clicks on screen.

The profile name is Phil Oaks.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Can you spell Oaks? Like the tree?

QUINN (V.O.)

Doesn't matter. It's fictitious.

A message box pops open on the computer from Phil. It reads...

PHIL

Can you hypnotize me?

QUINN (V.O.)

That night, I was hypnotized into a compelling, dangerous murder-mystery of seduction and make-believe.

Quinn answers while typing on the computer.

QUINN

Yes, I'm not making it up. I'm a professional hypnotist and perform at the Gold Coast. The popular and award winning Doctor Hypnasty Show - the X-Rated Hypnotist"

PHIL

Really?

QUINN

Partly correct. A slight exaggeration. I perform, but award winning and popular are lies.

PHIL

I'm sure you are being modest. You are probably amazing.

QUINN

I'm entertaining. Also I play a doctor. I do self-improvement, stop smoking, weight loss hypnosis too.

PHIL

Ever practice regressive hypnosis?

QUINN (V.O.)

That should have been the red flag, but he was so adorable.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

What is "regressive?"

QUINN (V.O.)

It is a form of psycho-analysis which helps a person relive and discover repressed experiences and memories.

Quinn studies his question and types a response.

QUINN

Never. However, always willing to try new experiences. Wink. LOL

PHIL

Want to meet?

QUINN

Yes!!

PHIL
Meet me at First Friday tomorrow
night.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
First Friday?

QUINN (V.O.)
The street carnival, where you just
arrested me.

Quinn quickly glances at a pile of coupons on his desk and
snaps out a response.

QUINN
Sure. I was planning to go. Handing
out 2-1 tickets for my show.

PHIL
How can I find you? What will you be
wearing?

QUINN
A cape and top hat of course. Look
more like Doctor Jekyll than Mr Hyde.
LOL

PHIL
We'll see you there.

EXT. FIRST FRIDAY - NIGHT

Hip LOCALS revel in a Bohemian street carnival of art, music,
and food.

Quinn is dressed in his stage persona of Dr. Hypnasty,
wearing a black cape and top hat. He hands out coupon
leaflets to those reluctantly to take them. Most folks accept
with feigning interest as others drop it or rudely crumble
it.

He leans next to a beer stand and orders one with his finger
since the rock band is playing loudly.

A chubby cherub in a too thigh-high mini skirt saunters up to
him with her fourth beer. DOLLY (22) leans into him with a
drunken, seductive smile.

DOLLY
Are you a performance artist?

QUINN

Don't know about the art, but I do perform. I'm a hypnotist. I have a show off the strip at the Gold Coast.

He hands her a coupon.

QUINN (cont'd)

Two-for-one to the Dr. Hypnasty Show.

DOLLY

"X-Rated?" I could use a doctor like you.

Quinn gets his beer and takes a sip.

DOLLY (cont'd)

Do you show cock?

Quinn chokes it down.

DOLLY (cont'd)

Your show? How X? Soft or hard?

QUINN

Usual "T" and "A." I found tourists don't like seeing dick.

DOLLY

Too bad. I love cock. I could use some tonight. Lost my job.

She chugs down a big gulp of beer.

QUINN

Sorry.

DOLLY

Fired my fat-ass cuz it didn't fit in the cocktail toga. Fuck, it's the Pompeii Palace not Caesars. Are you planning on going home with someone tonight?

QUINN

Waiting on somebody.

DOLLY

Me too. He's a folksinger, musician. (she nods over at the band) He's performing a couple of songs with them. He is into dudes.

Suddenly, the Party-Goers part allowing an aisle of asphalt carpet for a queen-saint of sorts. DYMPHNA (25) struts thru dressed in a retro, flower power and punk combination of Janis Joplin and Courtney Love. Everybody greets her warmly and celebrates her arrival.

Quinn is entranced by her.

DOLLY (cont'd)
Aw shit. There goes my night.

QUINN
Who is she?

Dymphna maneuvers closer, stopping occasionally to greet an artist.

DOLLY
Saint Dymphna. Unfortunately, the
WRONG person I was waiting for.

Dymphna's eyes fixate on Quinn. She bee-lines it over to Dolly and Quinn.

She stands before Quinn with a wicked smile. Her eyes burn with mischief.

DYMPHNA
You must be the Mighty Quinn.

Quinn studies Dymphna's large feet, manly hands, and finally the protruding Adam's apple. Dymphna is a dude. She is Phil.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)
You aren't an Eskimo.

DOLLY
(to Dymphna)
Where's Phil? He was performing
tonight.

DYMPHNA
He's so acoustic. Tired of his
droning basic folk chords. (to Quinn)
He said you are a doctor too?

QUINN
Stage persona, Dr. Hypnasty. A
hypnotist-comedian.

DYMPHNA
(giggles)
Phil's humor is exhausting.

She rips the coupon from his hand and reads it. With a sly smile, she stuffs it in her bra.

BAND LEADER (O.S.)
 (in microphone)
 There was a guest to perform an original acoustic set tonight, but it appears the sister of rock showed up tonight. Maybe Saint Dymphna will grace us with a song instead.

AUDIENCE claps and cat-calls at Dymphna.

DYMPHNA
 (to Quinn)
 Phil apologizes. Till we meet again
 Doctor. Adieu.

She spins to the stage. A LOCAL lifts her to the stage. She greets the Band Leader with a whisper in his ear.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)
 At times I like to be a cheap trick.

The Band explode into a gritty version of the Cheap Trick song "Dream Police."

Dymphna commands the stage like Patti Smith while strangling the mic with biting anger. She belts out the song.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)
*The dream police
 They live inside of my head
 The dream police
 They come to me in my bed
 The dream police
 They're coming to arrest me
 Oh no*

The Audience swells as Quinn pushes his way to the stage. His eyes are fixed and entranced by her.

She growls and sings the next verse directly at Quinn.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

*'Cause they're waiting for me
Looking for me
Every single night
(They're) driving me insane
Those men inside my brain
I try to sleep
They're wide awake
They won't let me alone
They don't get paid to take vacations
Or let me alone
They spy on me
I try to hide
They won't let me alone
They persecute me
They're the judge and jury all in one*

INT. ALLEY - SAME

The "Dream Police" song is faintly heard from First Friday can still be heard from a distance.

A GRAFFITI ARTIST wearing a bandana over his mouth and a backpack shakes a can of spray paint. He flips on a head-lamp strapped around his baseball cap and tags walls as he goes along. A dog barks a few hundred feet down the alley and is pulled away with a quick yelp.

The Artist tosses an empty can into a trash bin and cleans debris from his next canvas wall. He bends down to remove a large cardboard box. His head-lamp lights a...

bloody, naked body of a murdered teenage boy.

He falls back in horror losing grip of his paint can. It rolls and rattles down the asphalt.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

Quinn sips coffee as the Detective writes notes.

DETECTIVE

That was the night of the first murder. You were watching the band the whole time?

Quinn nods.

QUINN

Until 'bout ten. I had a new routine I was preparing for the next performance. I needed to get up early. The show was already dangling by a stage rope and my head was in the noose.

INT. DR. HYPNASTY SHOWROOM - DAY

BRICE (23), a hunky black actor and a sexy white ACTRESS (22) wait on chairs on a rundown, third-rate stage. Brice reads his phone as the Actress adjusts her large breasts in her pop-up bra.

ACTRESS

The boy was only fifteen. He was raped.

BRICE

That's some twisted, sad shit. Cell phones should be for calling, not reading sad shit.

She waves the phone at him.

ACTRESS

Hello, nineteen eighties, it's the future. It's a smart phone.

Quinn joins them with a pair of thin scripts.

QUINN

Revised the script just a bit. - More cleavage. Please, Brice, don't get a hard-on. I'm already taking risks with the interracial angst of the moral majority. I fired the last actor due to boner problems. Tourists don't want hard salami hors d'oeuvres with their drinks.

Brice nervously reads the script and rolls it up.

BRICE

Don't have to worry about that.

The Actress believes she is slighted and tosses her head in frustration.

BRICE (cont'd)
 Nothing against you. You are white
 hot.

The Actress glares at him.

BRICE (cont'd)
 I mean "plain" hot. Fuck! Just, just,
 you know? Opposite boner problems.
 Soft salami hors d'oeuvres.

QUINN
 Erectile dysfunction. I can help you
 with that. A few hypnosis sessions
 and you can rise with the sun and the
 moon.

INT. DR. HYPNASTY SHOWROOM - LATER

There is a sparse AUDIENCE waiting for the show to begin.

A retired ELDERLY COUPLE (60) sip dinky drinks.

ELDERLY MAN
 We have juice glasses bigger than
 this. We could have stayed in Omaha
 and gone to the Elks club. Could have
 saved a couple hundred bucks. Fuckin
 Wizard of Oz slots. You had to keep
 playing until you made the Emerald
 City. (shaking his head) Your
 brother's oom-pa-pa band would be
 more entertaining than this.

ELDER WOMAN
 Tickets were free with the room.

Suddenly, they are sharing the table with Dymphna and Dolly.
 The Elderly Couple are shocked by their sudden appearance.

The room dims to darkness as a film screen lowers from the
 ceiling above the stage.

A NUDE COUPLE ENTWINED ON A SWING GOES BACK AND FORTH LIKE A
 SEXUAL PENDULUM ON SCREEN.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)
 Oooo... Ahhhh....

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)
 Now FOCUS. If you're a female FOCUS
 on the male.

(MORE)

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 If you are a male FOCUS on the
 female. If you feel inclined FOCUS on
 your own gender. ME, I like em both,
 so if you're a SWINGER like me,
 double your pleasure.

Embarrassed laughter peppers the audience.

Dymphna focuses on the swinging couple.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)
 Now FOCUS. Close your eyes. Feel the
 rhythm of the swing, swinging back
 and forth. Relax your body. Feel the
 sensation of the moment. Relax with
 the ebb and flow. Let your
 uninhibited spirit soar entwined in
 an awakening of love and sex.

Dympna and the Elderly Man are breathing hard and sway in
 their chairs. The Elderly Lady is downright flabbergasted by
 her hypnotic, aroused spouse.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)
 When I count to ten you will wake
 with the best orgasm you have ever
 had. One... Two...

The volume of the deep-breathing rises.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)
 Three... Four... Five...

The Elderly Man pants, almost crying in ecstasy.

A heavy set WOMAN wiggles in rhythm.

HEAVY-SET WOMAN
 Oh, Daddy.
 (deep breath)
 Give it to me Daddy.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)
 Six... Seven... Eight... Nine...

Intense, animal panting captures the audience.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)
 TEN!

LIGHTS GO ON.

The audience scream in ecstasy as others laugh.

Dymphna exhales from exhaustion, perspiration beads on her forehead.

The Elderly Man is crying from the pleasure as his wife wipes the spittle from his mouth.

The heavy set Woman is awake, immersed in relaxed contentment. She straightens her clothes as her SPOUSE is straight-up proud.

HEAVY-SET WOMAN

Whoa...

(fanning herself)

I could use a cocktail right now.

ELDERLY MAN

I need a nap!

Dr. Hypnasty bounds onto the stage as the projection screen disappears.

DR. HYPNASTY

Now as you witnessed, some of you are hypnotized. Those audience members who did not, and who had spouses that did, remember they were only thinking of YOU (wink, wink) as they climaxed.

Audience laughs.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)

I know some conservative Americans don't like to admit they enjoy or have sex, but can I have the ones that did onto the stage.

Dymphna rises toward the stage before Dolly could stop her.

The Elderly Woman just misses grabbing her husband's hand as he bounds for the stage.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)

It's only imaginary sex. No one will be persecuted on this stage today. This is Vegas, not Nebraska.

The Actress and Brice take the stage with Dymphna, the Elderly Man, and the Woman.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)

Have a seat. Don't be nervous.

All five have a seat facing the audience.

Quinn halts his routine upon his surprise finding Dymphna, a hypnotized participant. He scans the audience and finds Dolly giving him a coy wave.

The Doctor flips back to his stage persona.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
As they say, pretend all the people
out there have no clothes on AND they
look mighty funny without them.

Suddenly, all five of the participants laugh hysterically as they point out into the laughing audience.

Dr. Hypnasty goes to the two beautiful actors and closes their eye lids.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
Now, I want you two to sleep for a
second.

He takes notice of the actress's breasts.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
Oh my Lordy, those are beautiful
tits. Do you want to show them to me
first?

The so-called hypnotized Actress lifts up her top showing some skin. Dr. Hypnasty halts her before a nipple is seen.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
No, no, no. It's not show and tell
yet. I think we have an exhibitionist
fellas.

MAN (O.S.)
C'mon show us your tits!

DR. HYPNASTY
(to Man)
Keep it in your pants sir.
(to Actress)
Now sleep.

He spins to the three actually hypnotized.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
(to all three)
Hello.

THREE
Hello.

He closely observes Dymphna.

DR. HYPNASTY
Hmmm... Where are you all from?

ELDERLY MAN
Nebraska.

The Audience laughs.

DR. HYPNASTY
Oops... Let's NOT go there. Sir, were you born in the city of Oppression, Nebraska?

ELDERLY MAN
No, Omaha.

DR. HYPNASTY
Oh my mistake, You were born in the STATE of Oppression, the STATE of Nebraska.

Sparse laughter.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
(to heavy set Woman)
Now, where you from?

HEAVY SET WOMAN
New Orleans.

He mischievously glances at the Audience.

DR. HYPNASTY
I can't say it.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)
Say it!

DR. HYPNASTY
Alright... But...

He points to the audience member who said it.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
...you get the jeers.
(to Heavy-Set Woman)
Did New Orleans get their nickname from you?

She cocks her head.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
...the BIG EASY!

The Audience BOOS in unison as he points an accusing finger to the Audience Member.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
Blame that asshole.

Audience laughs.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
(to heavy set Woman)
However, I heard you call out
"Daddy." I bet he likes when you call
him "Daddy?"

She coyly smiles.

HEAVY SET WOMAN
I do.

A huge smile enlightens her face.

DR. HYPNASTY
'Nough said. (to Dymphna) Where ya
from?

DYMPHNA
Las Vegas.

DR. HYPNASTY
A local, huh?

He scrutinizes her.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
You are drop-dead gorgeous. I bet
you'd make a cute dude.

DYMPHNA
I'm a woman.

Sparse laughter.

DR. HYPNASTY
How 'bout yesterday? An hour ago?

DYMPHNA
You met Phil on Manhunt.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)
Transvestite!

DR. HYPNASTY
 (to Audience)
 Quiet, please.

Dr. Hypnasty kneels down studying Dymphna's smiling face to make sure she is still under hypnosis.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)
 Gonna give him a blow job?

DR. HYPNASTY
 (whispering to
 Dymphna)
 Think of a song. Think of a song that makes you happy. Allow it to play in your mind. Don't listen to the audience, only to me. NEVER listen to the audience.

The Audience appears restless from the lack of entertainment.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)
 What's he doing?

ANOTHER AUDIENCE MEMBER
 C'mon.

Dr. Hypnasty pats her knee and flips back to his schtick.

DR. HYPNASTY
 I told her to think of a song... Yes. I want all three (to Elderly Man, heavy set Woman, and Dymphna) to think of a song. Yes. While you sit on the toilet, taking a massive dump.

The Audience boomerangs back to laughter.

Dr. Hypnasty spins to his actors.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
 (to actors)
 Now, you all have a change of employment. You both are strippers and those people in the audience have hundreds of dollars clinched in their hands to put in your underwear.

A Male howls (O.S.).

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)
 It's time to shake your money maker. Go make some money!

Brice strips to the music.

Dr. Hypnasty focuses his attention back to Dymphna, the Elderly Man and the heavy set Woman.

The Man and Woman grunt like they are on a toilet.

Dymphna sings a comforting song while being frightened by those around her.

While the Audience roars approval to the strippers, Dr. Hypnasty studies Dymphna. However, Dymphna is now Phil, a boy alone and scared. Phil sings a Donovan song.

PHIL

*Wear your love like heaven, wear your
love like heaven, Lord kiss me once
more fill me with song, kiss me once
more, la la la...Wear my love like
heaven...*

Dr. Hypnasty kneels down in front of Phil.

DR. HYPNASTY

Dymphna? Phil? What is wrong?

Phil trembles from fright as he tries to comfort himself in song.

PHIL

*Wear your love like heaven...Lord
kiss me once more, Lord kiss me once
more...fill me with song...*

Dr. Hypnasty grabs Phil's shoulder.

DR. HYPNASTY

Dymphna! Phil!

The music abruptly stops. The undressed strippers stop in confusion. Everybody focuses on Dr. Hypnasty and Phil.

DR. HYPNASTY (cont'd)

Phil! Where are you? Get out.

PHIL

(crying like a child)
I can't. It's locked.

DR. HYPNASTY

No Phil. There's no lock on the door.
Phil, get out!

Phil convulses and speaks like an eight-year old child.

PHIL

I can't! It's always locked. Please open it. Daddy, I'm hungry. Please. Don't leave me alone. Please!

DR. HYPNASTY

Not this time. I'm here. I unlocked the door. You're free. Nobody is going to hurt you. You are not alone.

PHIL

Daddy! He thinks I'm pretty. Daddy?!

Dr. Hypnasty pulls Phil in a comforting hug. The wig falls off his head revealing the sandy-haired young man in the Manhunt photo. The audience GASPS.

DR. HYPNASTY

It's alright. (patting his head)
You're out. Wake up. (snaps his fingers) Wake up Phil.

Phil cries into his arms.

The audience is shocked in stunned silence.

Disoriented, lost, and alienated, the grown up Phil stares into the audience like an attraction at a carnival freak show.

Dolly comes to his aid and yanks him off stage.

Dr. Hypnasty and the Audience watch as Dolly and Phil exit from an emergency door.

EXT. ART DISTRICT - MORNING

Police cars patrol and circle the area.

QUINN (V.O.)

Next morning, the Dr. Hypnasty Show was on permanent hiatus. A retired couple from Omaha lodged a complaint. However, the free time allowed me to work detective.

Quinn drives his decade-old pick-up behind the police car.

QUINN (V.O.)
 Appears we were both looking for a
 person of interest that day.

They pass the crime scene alley where Detectives still sniff
 for clues.

INT. GAINSBURG ART STUDIO - DAY

Quinn asks questions of rock sculpting STUDENTS.

QUINN (V.O.)
 Appears they all knew Phil and
 Dymphna, but it was like sculpting
 marble with a sewing needle. No one
 was giving up any information on
 them.

INT. COCKROACH THEATRE - DAY

Quinn talks to ACTORS rehearsing a production.

QUINN (V.O.)
 This was a tight artist community and
 they protect their own. Mostly given
 the recent circumstances of the
 killing. Finally...

EXT. PHOTOGRAPH STUDIO - DAY

A PHOTOGRAPHER provides directions, pointing down the street
 where POLICE are rousing up a HOMELESS PERSON.

QUINN (V.O.)
 ...found a starving artist in need of
 a vegetarian burrito and a monthly
 bus pass.

EXT. CAR REPAIR GARAGE - DAY

Quinn stands before the two-story shop with open garage
 doors. A MECHANIC confronts him with a wrench and nods to the
 truck.

MECHANIC
 What is wrong with it?

Quinn follows his gaze back to his truck.

QUINN

Nothing. (he holds up two plastic grocery bags) Looking for Phil.

MECHANIC

Do they know you?

Quinn nods.

MECHANIC (cont'd)

Upstairs. Better not be one of those G-Men sniffing around. You may find your truck in need of repairs when you get back.

Quinn walks around the rear of the building where a flight of stairs lead up to an apartment.

QUINN (V.O.)

Who needs a guard dog when you have a menacing car repairman with a wrench.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Acoustic Dylan drifts out of the screen door. Quinn sniffs the air. He knocks on the door with the plastic grocery bags around his wrists.

PHIL (O.S.)

Come in. I just printed out the copies of your resume.

Quinn clumsily enters.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

BANG! The screen door slams behind Quinn. The apartment is a Smithsonian of hip, pop culture bric-a-brac with a 1970's bean bag. A laptop is open on the wicker coffee table.

PHIL (O.S.)

Relax. I have a couple of rolled ones on the table.

There is herb and paper on the table with a couple of tight joints nearby.

Quinn drops into the bean bag and nestles for comfort. He studies the room. A Matryoshka Nesting Doll is next to a toy slinky and Yoda doll.

QUINN

I don't believe you are expecting me.

Deathly silence.

Phil peeks around the corner and measuredly enters his own living space.

Phil only wears a pair of baggy dungarees. The only resemblance of Dymphna is the lavender toe polish. He picks up his protective acoustic guitar and sits facing Quinn on the couch. They measure each other for a moment. Phil is the living embodiment of his Manhunt photo Quinn was deeply attracted to.

PHIL

(quoting the Hobbit)

"If I say he is a Burglar, a Burglar he is, or will be when the time comes. There is a lot more in him than you guess, and a deal more than he has any idea of himself. You may all live to thank me yet."

Quinn lifts the grocery bags.

QUINN

I may not be Gandalf, but I bear gifts. Peace offerings.

Quinn rolls a beer across the carpet which Phil stops with his bare foot.

He rolls the cold beer in the arch of his foot as he studies Quinn.

Phil picks it up and opens it. He takes a drink of the peace offering.

QUINN (cont'd)

I want to apologize for the show.

PHIL

I bet I was entertaining fodder.

QUINN

Actually, you weren't. My show is on hiatus.

Phil puts on sunglasses and strums his guitar.

PHIL

I'm a real downer then.

Phil becomes aloof like a young Dylan.

Quinn notices an article on the laptop screen. "BOY MURDERED IN ART DISTRICT" reads the banner of a local news web site. It appears Phil is doing his own investigation. Phil strums the guitar and sings Dylan.

PHIL (cont'd)
*Ev'rybody's building the big ships
 and the boats, Some are building
 monuments, Others, jotting down
 notes, Ev'rybody's in despair...Ev'ry
 girl and boy, But when Quinn the
 Eskimo gets here, Ev'rybody's gonna
 jump for joy.*

Phil meets Quinn eye to eye.

PHIL (cont'd)
*Come all without, come all within,
 You'll not see nothing like the
 mighty Quinn.*

Phil lays down his guitar and swigs the beer.

QUINN
 Nice voice.

PHIL
 You know that will not help me.

DVDs of Sybil and Three Faces of Eve are popping out of one of the grocery bags.

PHIL (cont'd)
 I know what I am. Believe me, I understand the definition of a dissociative personality disorder. We live it. We are not a charity case or lab rats for psycho-analysis. Keep your drugs, your DVD's, and your handsome hypnotic eyes away from us.

BOUNDING UPSTAIRS (O.S.)

PHIL (cont'd)
 There is more to us than meet the eye, Doctor Quinn.

DOLLY (O.S.)
 Huh-low!

PHIL

Beware. There are those with dangerous intentions and violent tendencies.

Dolly enters and abruptly stops upon finding Quinn rising to his feet to leave.

DOLLY

(to Quinn)

Dude! You are the last person I expected to see and I've seen bunches (thumbs over to Phil) in this dude.

PHIL

He was just exiting. Stage left.

Quinn leaves.

DOLLY

Liked your show.

EXT. CAR REPAIR GARAGE - DAY

Quinn encircles his truck as he surveys for damage.

The Mechanic leers from the garage while slapping a wrench in his other palm.

QUINN (V.O.)

He was protecting Phil from "G" Men. Government men. Was it you guys or another government agency?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

How does this tie into the murders?

QUINN (V.O.)

Getting to it. You, and I, will soon find more evidence than tying two strings together. It will be knotted, twisted tight.

Quinn drives away and flips on the radio to America's "Horse With No Name."

MONTAGE - Various

A) EXT. LIBRARY - DAY - Quinn parks his truck at Clark County Library.

B) INT. LIBRARY - DAY - Quinn is on a computer and talking with LIBRARIAN.

C) EXT. MENTAL HEALTH DISTRICT - DAY - Quinn leaves the building in frustration.

D) INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - A NURSE shakes her head to Quinn.

E) EXT. NEVADA PSYCHIATRIC ASSOCIATION - Quinn leaves with some pamphlets.

F) EXT. SONIC DRIVE-IN - Quinn munches on tater-tots.

G) EXT. SOUTHERN NEVADA SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY - Quinn tosses his Sonic cup in a trash receptacle and enters.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. SOUTHERN NEVADA SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY

Quinn waits at a counter with a female CASEWORKER (30) who references information on a computer.

CASEWORKER

Even if I confirm the name, I can only nod "Yes." Nothing else. Privacy and security precautions.

QUINN

Please, I'm his brother and he is lost. He has MPD, Multiple Personal...

CASEWORKER

I know what it is. I work with it everyday.

A DOCTOR (65) walks behind her making the hand gesture of she "never stops talking." He searches behind the counter for something.

CASEWORKER (cont'd)

Mostly, here in the office. (to Doctor) When are you retiring? (back to Quinn) Not here. Can't help you.

QUINN

It's Oaks. Phil...

She rudely walks away.

QUINN (cont'd)

Phil Oaks.

The Doctor rises from behind the counter. Quinn notices his name badge "Ruben."

DOCTOR

I had his albums. When there were vinyl albums. "I Ain't Marching Anymore," "Tape From California," and "Greatest Hits."

QUINN

"Greatest Hits?" Phil Oaks?

DOCTOR

The folksinger.

QUINN

Yes. You know him?

DOCTOR

Sure. Was right up there with Dylan, Baez, and Seeger. Better known as a protest singer.

QUINN

Phil O-A-K-S.

DOCTOR

No O-C-H-S. He's dead. Hung himself. Some wrote he suffered from a multi-personality disorder. Had some Elvis and James Dean alter ego.

Defeat captures Quinn.

QUINN

Should have known.

DOCTOR

Deja Vu. Had this very conversation ten years back with Rosie.

Quinn studies him.

QUINN

Rosie?

DOCTOR

A Caseworker. (to Caseworker) Rosie? You remember Rosie?

CASEWORKER
She left when I started.

Another CASEWORKER 2 strolls past picking up the conversation.

CASEWORKER 2
Went to her retirement party. Family lived in the bad neighborhood behind K-Mart off North Las Vegas Boulevard, but the house was best manicured on the street. Her flowers were amazing.

The Doctor turns back to Quinn, but he is stepping out.

EXT. NORTH LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Quinn drives on the street until he finds a well manicured lawn with a blooming rose garden.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

QUINN RINGS THE DOOR BELL.

DOG BARKS (O.S.)

ROSIE'S SON (O.S.)
Get the door before Brutus breaks it down.

DOG GROWLS behind the door. The door opens with a pitbull lunging at Quinn.

ROSIE'S GRANDSON
What up?

The Grandson yanks the dog's collar.

QUINN
I'm here to talk with Rosie.

ROSIE'S GRANDSON
Grandma?

ROSIE'S SON nudges the dog and the Grandson from the door. He is a tough hombre with a beer of Corona.

ROSIE'S SON
What you peddling to my mom?

QUINN
I work for Social Services and have
this case she used to work when she
was there. Just a few minutes if she
could spare it.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Under a lit patio, Quinn waits with Brutus sniffing his
shoes.

ROSE (67) bangs out the screen door with a cane while
messaging her stiff back.

She feigns taking a cane whack at Brutus and the dog yelps
into the house.

QUINN
Rosie?

ROSE
(Spanish accent)
Call me Rose. I'm tired of the "E."

He pulls out a patio chair for her.

QUINN
Thanks for giving me your time.

She uncomfortably sits.

ROSE
Damn arthritis. Can only prune two
rose bushes a day? When I was younger
I could do the garden in a half-day.
Now it takes two weeks. Who are you?

QUINN
My name is Quinn.

ROSE
You work out of which office?

QUINN
Nellis. Ruben says, "hello." They
really miss you there. They said you
had a wonderful retirement party
here.

Rosie beams as Quinn gains her confidence.

QUINN (cont'd)

I have this case which I inherited which used to be in your case load.

ROSE

I had so many. So many folks were hurtin.

QUINN

You may remember Phil, Phil Ochs?

She freezes and focuses on Quinn.

ROSE

How did that case get back open? I closed it years ago. Did something happen to that boy? Better not.

QUINN

Umm. I don't know. That's why I'm here.

ROSE

Best thing you could do for that boy is to close it. He is safer in multiple personalities than trying to combine him into one. He has constructed a complex web of collective characters to survive. Not only was he surviving, he was self-sufficient and thriving. Let that boy be.

QUINN

I wish I can, but it's the government.

She cringes from her pain as she adjusts to the seat.

ROSE

I won't be a part of it.

QUINN

I want to help him. Can you please provide me with any details that are not in the file?

ROSE

Find the murderer who did that to him. That's what you can do. No more! I'm done. Retired.

Quinn observes her painful rise.

QUINN
I can help you.

ROSE
Get back to work.

QUINN
I'm a hypnotist. Part-time. I can help you overcome that pain.

EXT. ROSIE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Rosie has her eyes closed and is breathing deeply.

QUINN
Everything is relaxed. When you hear the snap of my fingers, you will wake and feel twenty years younger.

He snaps his fingers. Her eyes open with a changed, alive appearance.

An amazing smile captures her face as she wiggles in the chair and touches her toes.

QUINN (cont'd)
You have no pain. Your fingers and hand which ached so badly can now prune a palace garden.

She wiggles fingers and claps her hands together.

Quinn catches Rosie's Son peeking out the back window.

QUINN (cont'd)
Since you are so young take me back to when you met Phil Ochs.

ROSE
Lovely boy. That girl thou, whoa she is a hot mess. (she grabs Quinn's arm) Stay away from Bart. Black Bart I called him. Mean S.O.B.

QUINN
Is that his real name?

She shakes her head.

ROSE
I can shake my head. (she twists it to the side) I'm an owl. Hoo-hoo.

QUINN

What is his real name?

She shrugs with a lift of her shoulders.

ROSE

Looky-here.

She raises her arms high.

ROSE (cont'd)

Hallelujah!

Rosie's Son slams out the back door.

ROSIE'S SON

What the hell is happening?!

Quinn leans into Rosie.

QUINN

What is Phil's real name?

ROSE

It's in the nesting doll. Under the layers upon layers of those who protect him.

QUINN

When I snap my fingers you will wake, wanting to perform a marathon.

ROSIE'S SON

Mom, what is he doing?

Quinn snaps his fingers. She wakes and rises to her feet. She jogs in place like an athlete. She hands her son the cane.

ROSE

Run with me!

Quinn rises to leave.

QUINN

She may need some lower tab tomorrow.

EXT. ART DISTRICT - NIGHT

Quinn drives the side streets.

QUINN (V.O.)
 Before going home to do more
 research, I decided to pass Phil's.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
 Ever thought of another line of work?
 If you are found not to be guilty,
 you may have a future in law
 enforcement.

A Police Car passes him with SIRENS blaring.

QUINN (V.O.)
 Ever thought of taking the stage?
 Performing stand-up?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
 Go on. Let's not ruin our moment
 together.

Quinn follows the police in his rear view mirror as the
 patrol turns down an adjacent street.

Quinn parks his truck a short block from Phil's apartment.

He flips on his phone and texts into the search engine,
 "nesting doll."

A MATRYOSHKA DOLL pops on screen.

He reads a Wikipedia definition.

QUINN (V.O.)
 (reading)
 "Matryoshka, also known as a Russian
 nesting doll. The first nesting doll
 set was carved in 1890 by Vasily Zvy-
 something. Blah, blah blah...The
 figures inside may be either gender;
 smallest, innermost doll is typically
 a baby. The onion metaphor is of
 similar character. If the outer layer
 is peeled off an onion, a similar
 onion exists within."

He glances up at Phil's dark apartment.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Beside the toy slinky and Yoda is the Nesting Doll.

KNOCK! - A WINDOW SLAP (O.S.)

FLASH BACK ENDS

INT. ART DISTRICT - NIGHT

In the pickup, Quinn jumps from fright from the window slap.

Quinn is surprised to find Phil staring at him from outside the truck.

Quinn quickly jumps out.

QUINN

I'm sorry. It's not what it appears.
Really, I'm not a stalker.

Phil is dressed in a black hoody.

PHIL

Follow me.

Quinn trails Phil through a back alley.

QUINN

Where are we going?

PHIL

Stalk together.

Phil pulls out a hand-held police scanner.

QUINN

Police scanner?

They quickly walk past an upscale high rise apartment building.

A scared RESIDENT (60) holds a dog while staring down the street at the flashing red and blue emergency lights.

Quinn understands the direction they are heading.

Police tape secure an empty factory building. An ambulance is parked next to the numerous police cars. BYSTANDERS watch the crime scene from afar.

Quinn turns to Phil, but he is gone. Quickly, Quinn scans the area and catches a quick glimpse of Phil jumping a fence.

Quinn chases after him.

Quinn climbs the fence and finds himself stalking down a dark alley.

A cat jumps out and scares him against a wall. Suddenly, a hand grabs his shoulder from above.

QUINN (cont'd)

What the...

Phil looks down from a window ledge.

PHIL

Shhh...Grab my hand. I'll help you up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn and Phil duck behind air conditioners to the end of the building. The factory is next door with a police beacon of light coming out of broken windows almost three stories above the factory floor.

PHIL

Watch your step.

Phil jumps over the roof wall onto a catwalk between buildings. He scampers across like a tomcat.

Quinn follows, but is unsteady as he goes across.

Quinn finds Phil peeking through the broken glass down onto the crime scene.

INT. FACTORY CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Generator lights shine on the bloody, dead body of a young teenage girl.

A CORONER studies the corpse with DETECTIVES surrounding the body. (The Detective from the first scene is one.)

CORONER

Given the blood and contusions surrounding her rectum and vagina, it is safe to surmise she was...

DETECTIVE

Got it. Keep the graphic details for your report.

CORONER

The trauma alone should have killed her, but...

He carefully pulls back the little girl's matted hair with tweezers and discovers bruises of hand marks on her neck.

CORONER (cont'd)

...probably strangled.

FACTORY WINDOW

Every word from the Detectives echo up.

Quinn glances over to Phil who is spellbound by the crime scene.

DETECTIVE

What is that nasty, foul smell?

CORONER

The body hasn't been dead long.

Detective 2 wipes shit off his feet.

DETECTIVE 2

Stepped in dog shit outside.

DETECTIVE

Stay the fuck out of here until you change your shoes. (to Coroner) What about, you know?

The Coroner tweezers back the girl's bloody hair by the ear.

She is missing part of her ear lobe.

The Detectives look away in disgust.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

There you have it. The second victim of the Nibbler. Spread out! Find the piece of ear before a rat does.

Phil stares with far-away eyes. He feels his right ear, hidden under his scruffy hair.

Quinn grabs his shoulder and Phil jumps in fright, breaking a piece of glass.

FACTORY FLOOR

Glass falls and shatters to the floor.

The Detectives quickly peer up into the dark broken void of night.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Phil and Quinn enter.

QUINN

Phil, are you alright?

Phil goes straight through the door beads into the bathroom and falls down on his knees to the toilet.

He vomits into the toilet.

Quinn stands at the entrance holding the beads apart. He notices the bathroom has no doors. No privacy.

Quinn wets a corner of a nearby towel and bends down wiping Phil's mouth.

Phil flicks his hand aside.

PHIL

We can do it ourselves.

Phil flushes the toilet and rises to his feet. He gains composure and faces the mirror. He gulps mouth wash and spits it out into the sink. He delicately opens a lipstick tube.

DYMPHNA

Ever since he contacted you, we have been mixed up. One after the other.

She applies red lipstick to her lips.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

You are lucky I'm here.

QUINN

Instead of Bart?

She peers at him through the mirror.

DYMPHNA

Appears someone is doing their homework.

She slowly unzips the hoody revealing nothing underneath.

QUINN

I'll go now.

Dymphna grabs a towel and tosses it over the shower curtain bar.

DYMPHNA
Phil doesn't want you to leave.

QUINN
How bout you?

She drops her pants to boxers.

Quinn stares at his body.

DYMPHNA
I want our life to get back to normal. I'll do whatever it takes.

She flips on the shower.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)
Why don't you sleep in Phil's room tonight?

HALL

There are beads hanging as replacement doors to the bedroom.

Quinn pokes his head in one.

DYMPHNA'S ROOM

It is decorated with crazy black light posters. Dresses and wigs dot the room.

PHIL'S ROOM

Quinn enters and finds modest living quarters. There is a large record collection and numerous instruments.

DYMPHNA SINGS IN THE SHOWER (O.S.)

Quinn snoops in the drawers and open closet.

He stands next to the bed and undresses.

SHOWER WATER STOPS (O.S.)

He takes off his shirt and trousers.

He stands in his briefs and socks facing the entrance.

THE BATHROOM BEADS OPEN (O.S.)

He slowly takes off his socks.

PHIL'S BEDROOM BEADS slowly rattle as if somebody was breathing on them.

Quinn pulls the final sock off and glances at the bottom of the beads.

Bare feet quickly disappear from the doorway.

EXT. ART DISTRICT - 4 HOURS LATER

The streets are bare.

Paintings hang on darken gallery walls and stone sculptures are silent.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quinn opens his eyes and listens intently to only silence.

He slowly spins his feet to the floor and quietly crosses the room.

He delicately pulls one side of the beads apart.

HALL

He enters the hall, but spins around and catches the beads before they announce his exit.

Silence.

LIVING ROOM

He tip-toes across the floor to the nested doll.

He silently unscrews the outer-layer which leads to another layered person.

He unscrews this one and the wood makes a sharp creak.

He glances around for something to muffle the opening.

He drops a teardrop of spit to lube the crack and unscrews it.

Another person is inside.

Quinn becomes frustrated with the toy.

He unscrews the next and the next.

Finally, there are numerous people pieces on the table.

He unscrews the smallest one revealing a small piece of paper.

BEADS RATTLE (O.S.)

He freezes in horror.

Silence.

He puts the piece of paper between his lips and hurriedly pieces the puzzle back together.

INT. PHIL'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Matryoshka is back as one.

PHIL'S BEDROOM

Quinn inserts the piece of paper in his sock and lays quietly to bed.

A PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE strikes vinyl with a snap and crack.

Quinn is frozen in fear.

SEDUCTIVE 70's MUSIC PLAYS

A nude silhouette of Phil crosses the room and gets under the sheets next to him.

Quinn is petrified.

Phil's hand caresses the sheet covering Quinn's chest. Seductively, his hand goes under the sheet revealing Quinn's hairy chest.

Phil kisses his nipple and then his neck. Lastly, he kisses Quinn on the lips. Quinn surrenders to temptation and lustfully embraces Phil. He kisses his face and pulls back his hair to nibble on his ear. He kisses the lobe...

the rest of HIS ear is missing.

Quinn caresses the ear and finds it partly missing. He meets Phil eye-to-eye. Phil winks and kisses him even deeper.

INT. PHIL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Quinn wakes.

QUINN

That was fucking amazing.

Quinn's hand pats an empty side of the bed. (His face is never seen.)

He rises in the nude and walks out into the hallway.

PHIL (O.S.)

I left a clean towel on the counter.

BATHROOM

Quinn yawns and looks at his reflection in the mirror.

His face is painted in red lipstick depicting a horned devil.

On his chest is written, "DIE."

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Quinn enters fully dressed. Two toasted Pop Tarts wait for him on the plate. Phil is on the laptop.

PHIL

Made breakfast. Hope you slept well. I make my measly living writing term papers for college kids and most of the cheats are on the East Coast in another time zone.

QUINN

I need to get going myself. Work on getting my show back and running.

PHIL

Take them with you. I hope it wasn't something I said.

Quinn grabs the tarts and leaves.

QUINN

Not at all.

PHIL

I want to thank you for staying with me last night. I don't think I woke all night.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

Quinn sits in the chair watching the Detective circling him and cracking his neck.

DETECTIVE

You are telling me this Phil was missing part of an ear?

Quinn nods.

QUINN

And I knew Phil's birth name. There is a cold case in your office with his name on it. It is just waiting to be thawed out like a holiday Butterball Turkey.

DETECTIVE

What's his name?

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Quinn unfolds the small piece of paper revealing the name.

QUINN (V.O.)

Billy Fletcher.

He Googles on a laptop at a desk.

QUINN (V.O.)

I felt I was starting from the beginning. There was nothing I could find online about a crime seventeen odd years ago. And Billy, being a minor at the time, his name would not be in print.

He spins around in his desk chair.

QUINN

(to himself)

Billy, Billy, Billy. You spin me right round, right round. If you are the killer, you must be stopped.

QUINN (V.O.)

Then it hit me.

He stops spinning and goes back to Manhunt online.

QUINN
 (to himself)
 Back to the beginning.

There is an unread email from Phil Oaks.

QUINN (cont'd)
 "Can you hypnotize me?" -- "Ever
 practice regressive hypnosis?" There
 is someone inside wanting to
 remember. Billy, is that you?

He mouse clicks on the mail which reads "Would you like to go
 on a REAL date? Best, Phil."

DOOR BELL RINGS (O.S.)

Quinn goes to the door and leans into it.

QUINN (cont'd)
 Who's there?

BRICE (O.S.)
 Doctor, it's me.

Quinn opens the door and is surprised to see Brice, the actor
 from his show.

BRICE (cont'd)
 Sorry, to show up unannounced, but I
 wanted to know, if like, you know,
 you'd be willing to help me out with
 that salami problem.

Quinn smirks.

QUINN
 Sure. Come in.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

The Police Woman hands a file to the Detective.

POLICE WOMAN
 So old, it was never scanned into the
 computer.

Quinn watches her leave.

The Detective thumbs through while reading the file.

QUINN

So, Billy wanted me to hypnotize him. I'm unsure of his, their motive. Either it was to make himself whole again? Admit to the murders? Or find the killer? (shrug) Maybe, all three. But I knew it was my job to help him relive (nods to file) that fateful night. I had to carry Billy back to that bloody bathroom floor. The bludgeoning of his father, his rape, and his ear being bitten off.

DETECTIVE

How do you know this?

QUINN

I have a copy of your report in a file in my apartment. Upon researching regressive therapy it was imperative I knew some basic facts of that night. I needed details to nudge him downward into that hell.

EXT. SOUTHERN NEVADA SOCIAL SERVICES - PARKING LOT - EVENING

The Doctor unlocks his car to go home.

Quinn holds up a signed copy of an original print Bob Dylan, "Freewheelin" album.

QUINN (V.O.)

Damn case file cost me a grand on eBay.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quinn flips over repulsive, case murder color photo copies.

BILLY'S FATHER SAVAGELY BEATEN AND BLOODY ON A STAINED WEEK-BY-WEEK MOTEL ROOM FLOOR.

BLOOD STAINS ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR.

A BATH TUB MADE INTO A BED WITH GUITAR, SOILED BLANKETS, AND PILLOWS.

FAST FOOD REMAINS ARE ON THE BATHROOM SINK.

A PIECE OF LITTLE BILLY'S EAR IS NEXT TO THE TOILET.

Quinn looks away in disgust.

QUINN (V.O.)

I knew I had to help Billy find his way back. But I kept remembering what the caseworker warned.

ROSE (O.S.)

Not only was he surviving, he was self-sufficient and thriving. Let that boy be.

Quinn flips the photo to another.

A SMALL TRANSISTOR RADIO dangles from a cord knotted on the shower curtain bar.

QUINN (V.O.)

He was kept inside the bathroom. A prisoner? Sex slave?

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

The Detective slides over a mug shot across the tabletop to Quinn.

DETECTIVE

A photo I'm sure you didn't have access to. Maybe didn't recognize from the blood.

Quinn studies it.

QUINN

Who is he?

DETECTIVE

Billy's father. A known card counter who was black-balled from every casino on the strip. Arrested numerous times. His work was legendary. Knew all the angles.

QUINN

That's why there is mention of mob connections to his killing. Revenge?

Detective shakes his head.

DETECTIVE

Explains Billy in the bathroom.

QUINN
I'm not following.

DETECTIVE
Many cases of child neglect are due to children locked or bound in a room while their parents gamble.

QUINN
Billy was sleeping in the bath tub. Food on the counter. The radio to entertain him. It was a child's prison cell.

DETECTIVE
That is why this Phil has no doors on his bathroom. (reading report) That is why there was a latch on the outside. To keep him in.

Quinn gazes off in thought.

QUINN
But why was he raped? Mobs don't rape children.

DETECTIVE
Why three teenagers with the same M.O.? Seventeen years later? Same city where it just so happens Sybil lives a walking distance to each crime scene. At some point, didn't you snap your fingers and call the police.

QUINN
Maybe I should have. I had suspicions, but I later found Billy didn't do it. However, I helped him find out who did.

DETECTIVE
Maybe we could have prevented the next murder? Saved the third kid? How about it Quinn? You were left holding the gun.

Quinn leans back in the chair.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)
You an accomplice? Have you registered as a sex offender in Clark County?

Quinn studies him.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

Appears Doctor Hypnasty is very nasty indeed. You were convicted of a sex crime.

QUINN

That was when I was twenty-one in Utah. I met the friggin kid in a Gay Bar drinking shots. The bar never carded the kid. Why should I ask for I.D. before I fucked him. That bastard kid was more adult than I was.

DETECTIVE

You took the plea deal.

QUINN

Cuz I was offered one year at county instead of five years in the Department of Corrections. I would have been murdered for my "so-called" crime in prison. I couldn't risk it.

DETECTIVE

However, you never registered with us. Too bad, so sad.

The Detective checks the recorder.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

Back to date night?

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Quinn is parked along the curb in his truck.

QUINN (V.O.)

After that first night, there was no way I was going to be left alone with whomever wrote "die" on my chest.

Brice is in the passenger seat.

QUINN

Thanks for doing this. It may be a good way of testing the therapy sessions.

BRICE

Holy shit!

QUINN

Just be cool. (wipes his forehead in relief) Be grateful Phil showed up.

BRICE

I like. Really like.

Phil and Dolly bound to the truck dressed in swim wear. Phil tosses a beach bag and his guitar in back next to tied-down inner-tubes.

Brice opens the passenger door for them.

QUINN

It may be a little tight seating.

Dolly and Brice measure each other.

DOLLY

Isn't this a diverse double date?
Take the day off stud. I'll do the
lap dancing today.

EXT. LAKE MEAD - DIRT ROAD - DAY

The truck bounces over ruts in the road.

Dolly is on Brice's lap enjoying every bump.

DOLLY

Yeee.

BRICE

Doctor, I think I'm cured.

Phil is in the middle holding two large pizzas and beer.

EXT. LAKE MEAD COVE - DAY - MONTAGE

PARTY ROCK MUSIC PLAYS

- Dolly jiggles as she runs into the water in her mini bikini.

- Quinn, Phil, Dolly, and Brice splash-fight on inner-tubes.

- They enjoy pizza and beer on the beach.

- Dolly and Brice dance to music from Phil's guitar playing.
- Phil and Quinn dance to Dolly's bongo playing on the back of the guitar.

EXT. LAKE MEAD COVE - LATER

Dolly and Quinn lazily float in the lake on inner-tubes as the sun sets.

Brice and Phil are building a bonfire on the sand.

Dolly splashes around with her feet.

DOLLY
I always believed the Pitts only
liked Jolies.

QUINN
You aren't giving yourself enough
credit. You are cute and fun.

DOLLY
He already asked for a (shakes her
boobs) second helping.

She playfully splashes her feet.

QUINN
Have you met Billy?

DOLLY
Who's Billy?

QUINN
Have you met them all? How many
personalities does Phil have?

DOLLY
You met Dymphna.

She counts on her fingers while adding and subtracting one away.

DOLLY (cont'd)
It's tough. They don't come out and
introduce themselves. You can tell in
his eyes. One appears for a split
second and then another takes over.
Depends on the situation. Similar to
how we react in different
circumstances.

(MORE)

DOLLY (cont'd)
 We all change personalities. Paint a
 smile on our face when we are sad.
 You have the Doctor and, then, you
 have Quinn. Phils come and go.

She peers onto the shore finding Phil starting a fire.

DOLLY (cont'd)
 There was this one time. We were at
 First Friday and this drunken
 loser...not me for a change, but this
 middle-aged tourist kept grabbing
 (points her body) some of this.
 Suddenly, Phil flipped into a violent
 rage.

QUINN
 Bart?

DOLLY
 You've seen him?

He shakes his head.

DOLLY (cont'd)
 Don't. It is a bloody mess. He beat
 the crap out of him. Phil is lucky he
 has so many friends in the district.
 He would be doin time for sure.

QUINN
 Does he ever talk about his past
 childhood?

DOLLY
 Every once in awhile foster homes.
 But Christmas with mom and dad?
 (shrugs) Never. Something awful
 happened.

Quinn focuses his attention to Phil who stands before a
 ragging fire.

DOLLY (cont'd)
 What made you become the hip-
 hypnotist?

QUINN
 Conversion therapy my parents
 enrolled me in. I was a terrible
 hetero patient, but a great gay
 student.

(MORE)

QUINN (cont'd)
I learned a great deal from the
hypnosis sessions. Best guidance my
parents ever gave me.

DOLLY
What about the "nasty" slant?

QUINN
Magicians and hypnotists need some
type of edge. It's Vegas baby.

EXT. LAKE MEAD CLIFF - NIGHT - LATER

A distance below the raised cliff, bonfire ambers float like
waltzing fireflies into the night. The moonlight sways on the
shimmering lake. Dolly and Brice are mere specks on the sand.

QUINN
Where are you?

Quinn steps out onto a jetty on the cliff's edge. The water
is a few hundred falling-feet below.

He is nervous and cautiously steps back.

PHIL
BOO!

Phil jumps from the shadows and startles Quinn back to the
edge of the cliff.

Phil quickly snaps Quinn back with a hold of his shirt and
brings him in for a kiss and embrace.

PHIL (cont'd)
I don't want to lose you. I wouldn't
want the police to drag the lake for
you.

Phil grasps Quinn's hand and pulls him down to join him at a
seat on the cliff's edge.

They lean into each other like lovers on the cover of a
sugary, sentimental greeting card. Phil has his guitar and
strums an old Don Mclean song.

PHIL (cont'd)
*Starry, Starry night
Paint your palette blue and grey
Look out on a summer's day
With eyes that know the
Darkness in my soul.*
(MORE)

PHIL (cont'd)

*Shadows on the hills
Sketch the trees and the daffodils
Catch the breeze and the winter
chills
In colors on the snowy linen land.
And now I understand what you tried
to say to me
How you suffered for your sanity
How you tried to set them free.
They would not listen
They did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now.*

Quinn and Phil gaze out into the star-filled night on the edge of the cliff.

PHIL (cont'd)

They believed Van Gogh was insane.

QUINN

He was missing part of his ear.

Phil glances over to Quinn and pulls his hair away from his half ear.

PHIL

Am I insane?

Quinn slowly shakes his head.

QUINN

Do you remember what happened?

PHIL

No. I could have been born this way
for all I know.

Phil tosses a stone into the lake.

PHIL (cont'd)

Maybe the truth lies at the bottom of
a lake.

QUINN

Did I have sex with you?

Phil grins with a twinkle in his eye.

PHIL

Of course.

Phil kisses Quinn's cheek. A calming sense of relief comes over Quinn as he holds hands with Phil.

PHIL (cont'd)
We all enjoyed it.

EXT. ART DISTRICT STREETS - NIGHT

Quinn drives Phil home.

PHIL
Dolly is so happy. Can Brice be
trusted?

QUINN
Can Dolly be trusted?

PHIL
Good point.

They turn a corner to a crime scene. Emergency lights flash. POLICE cordon off an area. PARAMEDICS roll out a black body bag.

Quinn and Phil drive past.

The Detective flicks his cigarette to the pavement and snuffs it out with his gum-shoe.

QUINN (V.O.)
That is when I realized Phil or any
of his personalities were not the
killer.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
How do you know the body was dead
over a day ago?

QUINN (V.O.)
I read your report. It's amazing the
power of a signed Dylan cover has
over a person. However, this was a
turning point in my case...
relationship.

Quinn turns to Phil who is cornered against the seat and the door. He is visibly shaking.

QUINN (V.O.)
I knew the killer wasn't Phil.

QUINN
Phil? Phil?

He pulls the truck to the curb.

QUINN (cont'd)
Are you alright?

PHIL
(timid little boy's
voice)
We need to help them.

Quinn is dumbfounded and unable to speak.

PHIL (cont'd)
We know the monster. (he looks at
Quinn with teary eyes) You must help
us.

QUINN (V.O.)
He wants me to hypnotize him. This
was the person who contacted me with,
"Can you hypnotize me?"

GUN SHOTS (O.S)

EXT. LAS VEGAS DESERT - DAY

Quinn shoots a pistol at beer bottles and cans. He misses
them terribly.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
You bought a gun?

Finally, he breaks a bottle with a shot.

QUINN (V.O.)
If I was going to perform regressive
hypnosis, I wanted protection. I
wanted nothing to do with Linda Blair
head-spinning.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

It appears Quinn is getting set for a date more than a
therapy session.

He darkens the room with a snap of the curtains. He lights a
couple of candles and plays soft jazz. He pours a glass of
water.

He extracts the gun from the night-stand and checks for
bullets.

DOOR BELL RINGS

LIVING ROOM

Quinn double checks the apartment and nods approval.

He opens the door.

DYMPHNA stands before him in all her glory.

Quinn's mouth drops. He didn't plan for this.

Her smoking, mysterious demeanor and 1950's femme fatale disguise encapsulate all of film noir lore.

DYMPHNA

Close your mouth before you stutter.

She crosses the room surveying every wrinkle.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

Puny-size passion pit.

QUINN

I wasn't expect...

DYMPHNA

Expect the unexpected Doctor. Your hypnotic charm may work on Phil, but nothing gets past me. Oh how you made Phil love you so. His trust is blinding.

QUINN

He loves me?

DYMPHNA

We all question it. Where do you want us?

Quinn leads to the bedroom.

QUINN

I set up the bedroom.

DYMPHNA

Do you want me naked too?

BEDROOM

Dymphna lays comfortably upright on the bed.

Quinn is shaking while lighting a candle and sits next to the bed. He opens Billy's case file.

DYMPHNA

Your Mormon parents must be very proud of their son.

Quinn glances past the file to her.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

The runt of the brood excommunicated and shunned. Conversion camp filled with thirty gay boys must have been stimulating for you?

Quinn angrily pierces his lips and tightens up.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

Your mother is so amiable online at Mormon Mother's Chat Soup.

QUINN

You spoke to my mom?

Dymphna delicately touches the case file.

DYMPHNA

I chatted like you did with Phil on Manhunt. Your arrest and sentence for having sex with a minor devastated her. Scarred the family name forever in their church. Oh how I just wanted to travel through that computer wire and comfort her in a hug.

Quinn goes back to the case file. Dymphna caresses his knee.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

How does it feel?... To never be able to hug your mother again? Or was it your daddy?

QUINN

I'm here to help you.

DYMPHNA

Did it ever occur to you that I was the one to seek you out?

Confusion captures Quinn's face.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

Doctor, we've been psycho analyzed by professionals from eight to adulthood.

(MORE)

DYMPHNA (cont'd)
 We needed someone to come on stage
 that we could trust, put faith in...
 who wasn't a professional.

QUINN
 Encouraging endorsement.

DYMPHNA
 If this works, you may not see Phil
 again. Are you prepared for that?

QUINN
 If it is meant to be. Billy will love
 me.

Dymphna studies him and laughs.

DYMPHNA
 Candide, ou l'Optimisme.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVE
 "Candy?"

The Detective is slouched in his chair with heavy eye-lids.

Quinn sits at the table as before.

QUINN
 Candide -- The Optimist. The
 character, in the French satire by
 Voltaire, who loses his optimism as
 he is confronted with life's harsh
 realities. Dymphna was being a
 sarcastic cunt.

The Detective motions with his waving hand for Quinn to keep
 going with his story.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A candle flickers on the coffee table between Quinn and
 Dymphna. Quinn is hypnotizing Dymphna.

QUINN
 Focus on the flicker of the candle.
 Watch it playfully jump and sway with
 the unseen breeze from each, deep
 relaxing breath.

Dymphna inhales and exhales deeply going under hypnosis.

QUINN (cont'd)
 You're relaxing, feeling the warmth
 of it's protective glow. Your eye-
 lids are getting heavy in the safety
 of sleep. Close your eyes.

Her eyes close.

QUINN (cont'd)
 Billy, can you hear me?

Billy nods. Quinn silently reads Billy's case file.

QUINN (cont'd)
 Now, Phil...Billy.

Too late, Phil reveals himself.

PHIL
 Quinn, so glad to hear your voice.
 How are you?

Quinn is surprised by the quick change in personalities.

QUINN
 Is this Phil?

PHIL
 I never was able to thank you for the
 date. The lake was a blast.

QUINN
 You're welcome.

PHIL
 They say you love me?

Quinn is uneasy, not knowing what to do.

PHIL (cont'd)
 If you love me, why are you wanting
 to hurt me?

QUINN
 Is Billy there?

PHIL
 He's always with us Quinn. Why do you
 want him? We lock him safely away
 from those who would like to harm
 him. Why do you want to hurt him, us?

QUINN
I'm not going to hurt him.

PHIL
Actually, if he comes out, he will hurt us all. Harm himself. You wouldn't want that. Would you Quinn?

QUINN
All I want to do is to talk to Billy. Can you get him for me?

PHIL
Don't you want to talk to Dymphna?

QUINN
Oh hell no!

Phil laughs.

Quinn wipes the perspiration from his palms on his trousers.

QUINN (cont'd)
Goodbye Phil, I'll talk to you again, I promise. Please let me talk to Billy. I demand to talk to Billy.

Phil's head falls down and slowly raises.

QUINN (cont'd)
Ph...Billy?

BILLY
Yes, Doctor.

Quinn goes back to the file.

QUINN
Now Billy...I want you to go back deep in the recess of your memory to the date of September 12, 1996...It was Friday in the morning.

Billy's head falls back and he deeply pants.

QUINN (cont'd)
Can you tell me what you see?

Billy lowers his head to reveal the characteristics of an eight-year old child.

He is HUMMING a song while strumming an unseen guitar.

QUINN (cont'd)
 Billy, what song are you humming?

BILLY
 (eight year old
 voice)
 I know a new song.
 (sings)
*Wear your love like heaven...Lord
 kiss me once more, fill me with
 song... Daddy likes my singing.*

QUINN
 Where are you?

BILLY
 In my room.

QUINN
 What does your room look like? Can
 you describe it to me?

BILLY
 Daddy calls it the little boy's room.

QUINN
 Where do you sleep in this room?

BILLY
 Bath tub.

QUINN
 Where is your daddy now?

BILLY
 Dunno.

QUINN
 Is he gambling?

Billy shrugs.

QUINN (cont'd)
 What do you do in your room all day?

FLASHBACK TO:

TITLE: "SEPTEMBER 12, 1996."

INT. MOTEL - BILLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Like the crime scene photos, the room is covered with filthy clothes and kitchenware.

Innocent and sweet, BILLY (8) applies makeup as he giggles to some unheard music from the transistor radio which hangs from the shower curtain rod.

BILLY (V.O.)

I play.

QUINN (V.O.)

What are you playing with?

BILLY (V.O.)

Colored stuff Daddy's friends left.

He smears on a glob of lipstick like war paint on his cheek.

QUINN (V.O.)

Friends? Are they your friends too?

He mashes the lipstick all over his cheeks.

BILLY (V.O.)

They bring balloons sometimes.
(giggles) They laugh at me when I
blow em up. Daddy gets mad at me...he
says he needs them to keep the
tadpoles in and the crabs
out.(giggles) Tadpoles turn into
frogs and crabs are in the ocean.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Quinn pities Billy, the poor child in front of him.

He gulps a big swig of beer, unsure he can go on.

He sits beside Billy and holds his hand.

QUINN

Billy, I want you to go to the time
your father came home that day.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MOTEL - BILLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Young Billy is playing in the tub with some toy army men. They are dancing to...

Woolly Bully by Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs.

DOOR CLOSING (O.S.)

Billy quickly turns down the volume of the radio.

TWO MEN TALK AND LAUGH (O.S.)

He listens at the door and sniffs the cracks like a puppy.

BILLY'S FATHER (O.S.)

Let me feed my kid. I don't trust babysitters in Vegas.

KNOCK ON DOOR (O.S.)

BILLY'S FATHER (O.S.) (cont'd)

Billy it's Dad. Unlock the door.

Billy unlocks the door and BILLY'S FATHER (40) enters with fast food.

BILLY'S FATHER (cont'd)

Got your favorite Happy Meal.

Billy's Father is a weasly, unkept slob of a drifter.

The bathroom door is ajar and Billy can peek out finding a COWBOY (CHARLIE MCCALLISTER) (38) and DODGE MCCALLISTER (18) scrutinizing him. Dodge is a country teenager trying to be a rap street thug like a teen Justin Bieber.

CHARLIE

I know how it is bringing up a boy on your own. Mother, the bitch, left us 'bout five years back.

DODGE

(to his father)

I have to stay here? With the caged kid?

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Quinn is writing in the file as Billy is hypnotized.

QUINN

Do you remember what this man looked like? A cowboy?

BILLY

A cowboy hat. Bad man.

QUINN

How do you know he is a bad man?

BILLY

He wore a black hat.

QUINN

Anything else about him?

BILLY

Daddy closed the door.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MOTEL - BILLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Billy's Father closes the door as Billy takes the food to the tub.

Billy's Father pisses in the rancid toilet.

BILLY'S FATHER

This is it Billy. I feel it. This guy is gonna give us some seed money. We're gonna get out of this fly trap. Buy a place down in Baja. Wouldn't you like Mexico?

BILLY

Taco Bell.

BILLY'S FATHER

No. Real tacos. Not gringo.

He zips up his fly.

BILLY'S FATHER (cont'd)

Your Daddy is coming home a rich man tonight. Kiss for good luck.

He bends down so Billy can kiss his stubbly cheek.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

The Detective rolls in a TV on a stand.

Quinn views from the table.

DETECTIVE

Only evidence or footage, found on
Four Queens surveillance of Billy's
Father that night.

On grainy video...

Billy's Father is playing blackjack with a few amount of
chips. He is visibly frustrated at losing, tossing his busted
cards aside.

QUINN

He's losing.

The Detective scans the case file.

DETECTIVE

We interviewed the dealer. She didn't
remember anything out of the
ordinary. There was a big convention
in town with higher wagers. - Nothing
else.

Video shows a blurry dark object over one of the OTHER
PLAYER'S hands.

QUINN

What is that?

The Detective pauses the tape as Quinn points to a blurred
dark object on screen.

QUINN (cont'd)

There. It's the brim of a black
cowboy hat.

The Detective presses play. The video reveals Charlie
McCallister as one of the players.

DETECTIVE

He was playing the spotter.

The Detective points at Charlie McCallister's pile of chips.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

The bastard was winning. Winning big.

QUINN

He was losing on purpose and counting
for the Cowboy to win.

DETECTIVE

Classic misdirection and the house
...and our detectives missed it.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy's head sways to unheard music as he is still
hypnotized. Quinn silently reads the case.

QUINN

Billy. Billy, can you hear me?

He nods.

QUINN (cont'd)

Do you remember when your Daddy came
home?

Billy's eyes grow large as he shakes his head.

Quinn is confused and thumbs through the file.

BILLY

Can I get out now?

Quinn focuses on Billy and waves his hand in front of his
eyes to make sure he is still under hypnosis.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MOTEL - BILLY'S BATHROOM - DAY

The transistor radio hangs from the shower bar. The curtains
are pulled closed.

RADIO (O.S.)

Welcome to the blast from the past,
the summer of love...where music had
a message and that message could
change the world. Today we visit the
folk pioneers of the past. So dust
off those road weary boots, pick up
that finger pickin, worn guitar. Sit
a spell. It's time for an old
fashioned hootenanny.

TAPPING ON DOOR (O.S.)

Billy strums a guitar like petting a teddy bear. He's laying down on a makeshift bed of pillows and blankets in the tub.

MORE TAPPING ON DOOR (O.S.)

Billy snaps off the radio and sneaks over to listen at the door.

DODGE (O.S.)

Hello.

Billy watches as the door knob wiggles.

DODGE (O.S.) (cont'd)

I can hear your breath. What is your name?

Billy cautiously steps back from the door.

DODGE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Don't worry your Dad is gone with mine. What is your name? My name is Dodge. Let me in and we can play together.

BILLY

Daddy says only open for him.

DODGE (O.S.)

You must get lonely Larry.

BILLY

Billy.

DODGE (O.S.)

Sorry, Billy. Do you know what I have in my hand?

Billy shakes his head.

DODGE (O.S.) (cont'd)

I have a talking mouse.

BILLY

Nuh-uh.

DODGE (O.S.)

I do. Open the door and I'll show you.

BILLY
I don't believe you.

DODGE (O.S.)
Okay. He doesn't want to see you
either.

Billy unlocks the door and jumps back.

The door handle turns and the door creaks open a crack.

Suddenly, a fist slowly sneaks through like a mouse. There are red lips tattooed around the side of his index finger and thumb. When he makes a fist it makes a mouth like a child's hand puppet.

DODGE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Hello.

Billy giggles.

Dodge steps in while opening the bathroom door wide.

He studies the feminine boy in make-up.

DODGE (cont'd)
My, you are a pretty thing.

Billy brightly smiles.

DODGE (cont'd)
You a boy or a girl?

Billy rolls his eyes.

DODGE (cont'd)
Why don't you show me? Show me like
you get ready to take a bath.

Dodge steps further into the room. An arm-stretch away from Billy.

DODGE (cont'd)
Do you want to see me naked?

Billy is confused as Dodge unzips his pants and allows them to fall below his knees. He stands in his underwear.

DODGE (cont'd)
Do you want to touch me?

Billy shakes his head.

Dodge lunges and yanks Billy, by his arm, into him.

BILLY SCREAMS.

DODGE (cont'd)
Stop screaming! I'll bite your ear.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Billy screams and kicks at his unseen assailant.

Quinn snaps his fingers while trying desperately to hold Dymphna to the bed.

Dymphna's wig is off revealing an adult Billy.

QUINN
Billy! Wake up! Wake up!

Billy pushes him away.

BILLY
Don't touch me!

Billy shivers and curls up in a ball against the bed headboard.

QUINN
Billy? Are you alright?

BILLY
Don't fucking touch me. Who are you?

Billy rises confused and disoriented.

BILLY (cont'd)
Where am I?

QUINN
Stay here. I'll get you something to calm you down.

He leaves to the...

BATHROOM

He rummages through the medicine cabinet.

QUINN (cont'd)
Stay there.

BEDROOM

Quinn comes out with a pill bottle in his hand.

Dymphna stands by the bed in complete composure. Her wig is adjusted in the proper place on her head.

Quinn notices the bed stand drawer is open.

His pistol is in her hand aiming at him.

DYMPHNA

Doctor. We have seen what we wanted
to see. We have seen enough.

Quinn lunges for the gun.

Dymphna pistol whips him into unconsciousness.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

The Detective is going over files on the table with the
Police Woman who is on a laptop.

Quinn watches them.

QUINN

I didn't see him again until tonight.
He left with another man.

DETECTIVE

(to Police Woman)

Look for a finger print match. We
need to know his name.

POLICE WOMAN

No other people than the dealer was
interviewed.

DETECTIVE

Were there any finger prints taken
from the Billy Fletcher scene?

POLICE WOMAN

Nothing, wiped clean.

QUINN

What about Billy's ear?

The Detective and the Police Woman lock eyes. The Detective
snaps his fingers.

DETECTIVE

You can't just bite a person's ear off without getting saliva. Take a DNA sample of all the Nibbler victims. Compare them all. (points to Quinn) Still listening.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quinn is in his truck, spying with binoculars upon the stairs.

QUINN (V.O.)

I didn't see Phil in the past few days. I kept waiting for him to leave his apartment. I tried contacting him through Dolly, but she went on a Hollywood vacation with Brice who had The Bachelor auditions. Seems they wanted a diversity.

Quinn ducks down in his truck as a Patrol Car slowly drives past.

QUINN (V.O.)

You folks were canvassing the streets. You couldn't get past a city block without seeing one of your cruisers. But I knew this night was going to be different. It was First Friday.

Door opens on Phil's apartment.

Suddenly, Phil appears. He gets to the bottom of the stairs and is dressed like a teenage skateboarder in a hoody and baggy jeans.

He drops the skateboard down and rides down the street away from the truck.

QUINN (V.O.)

This was my only chance to get the gun back.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quinn busts out a window and crawls into the apartment.

LIVING ROOM

He rummages through the room searching for his gun. He finds pot and a bong. He picks up the Nesting Doll and shoves it in his coat pocket.

BATHROOM

He finds a pile of shaved hair in the sink.

PHIL'S BEDROOM

He quickly scavengers through dresser drawers and closet.

DYMPHNA'S BEDROOM

He snaps open a dresser and finds a decade old Kodak Instamatic camera.

There are photos in a pile. He thumbs through them.

Each photograph depicts a person walking a dog.

Quinn tosses the photographs in a sudden realization.

QUINN (V.O.)

Then it hit me. They are on a fox hunt. And they are walking Billy on a leash.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Phil drives in his truck passing another Police patrol.

QUINN (V.O.)

I had to stop them before the horn trumpeted the chase.

EXT. FIRST FRIDAY - NIGHT

As the same as the beginning, hip LOCALS revel in a 2013 Bohemian street carnival of art, music, and food.

However, Quinn is urgently searching through the crowd for Billy. He almost runs into a couple of BEAT COPS.

Quinn watches the ROCK BAND playing on stage. DANCERS party below the stage. A dancing BOY catches his eye.

Quinn winds his way through the crowd.

Billy is dancing shirtless with a skateboard. He appears to be about seventeen.

Quinn surveys the crowd. It appears to be the usual party people, but somebody catches his eye.

A well dressed MAN (DODGE MCCALLISTER) (35) leers at Billy's every move. He holds the leash of a beautiful Golden Retriever.

The Band reaches a climax and stops to a clapping audience.

Quinn goes back to Billy, but he has disappeared.

He spins back to Dodge. He is gone too.

Quinn hurriedly slaloms through the crowd and catches a glimpse of the dog.

He finally makes it to where the dog was. He lost them again.

DISTANT DOG BARK (O.S.)

He runs to the outskirts of the street fair.

POLICE take notice of Quinn running and pursue him.

ALLEY

Quinn catches a glimpse of the silhouette of Dodge and his dog a few hundred feet down the alley.

Suddenly, Billy comes out of the shadows.

BILLY

I believe Mr. Hyde is out tonight.

Quinn studies his little boy charm.

QUINN

Billy, I know what you are planning.

Billy grins and pulls the pistol from his trousers.

BILLY

You'll always play catch-up with us.

He hands the gun back to Quinn (handle first) as Police turn into the alley.

Quinn spins around to the Cops holding the threatening weapon.

They draw their guns.

POLICE
Slowly, lay the gun to the ground.

QUINN
I'm not...

BILLY (O.S.)
Help me, help me.

Quinn spins to find Billy face down on the pavement with his pants pulled down showing part of his ass. Quinn is being portrayed as the molesting Nibbler.

INT. DETENTION ROOM - NIGHT

Quinn shakes his head in anguish as the Detective and the Police Woman listen.

QUINN
You arrested the wrong person. I could have stopped him.

POLICE WOMAN
We will stop him. There are police surrounding his apartment as we speak.

Quinn shakes his head.

QUINN
Haven't you been listening? It's been hours since you arrested me. Hours since you let Billy go. Whatever they have planned is over.

He stands up and grabs the Nesting doll.

QUINN (cont'd)
You don't understand.

He opens the first doll to find another.

QUINN (cont'd)
It's never ending. Layer upon layer. Once you have it figured out, there is another twist. Let me go!

The Detective rises with the Police Woman.

DETECTIVE
I think we'll give you an eight hour cooling off period.

EXT. OFF FREMONT STREET - NIGHT

A teen BOY (16) is bored sitting alone outside a casino. The lights and revelry of Fremont are a distance away.

Dodge's dog playfully trots up to him with a tail-wagging sniff.

BOY
(German accent)
Hello doggy. No place to play either.

Dodge magically appears with a leash.

DODGE
There he is. So glad you stopped him.
I thought I lost him.

Dodge hooks the leash on the dog.

BOY
Beautiful dog.

DODGE
Danke.

Dodge scans the area for other tourists.

DODGE (cont'd)
Not much to do for a teenager in Vegas. I remember my first visit here. I couldn't even leave the hotel room.

The Boy nods in agreement.

DODGE (cont'd)
I feel I owe you something for helping me find the dog. How would you like some pizza?

Suddenly, the older SISTER (21) pops up.

SISTER
(German accent)
There you are.

She judges Dodge for a quick beat.

DODGE
Thanks again for finding my dog.

He spins around to leave with the dog beside him.

He seethes with disappointment.

EXT. ART DISTRICT - LATER

Billy skateboards the dark streets and alleyways of empty buildings and businesses.

He spins around a corner.

DOG BARKS scare him off the board.

BILLY

Shit!

Dodge comes out of the shadows with his dog.

DODGE

Sorry to scare you. What happened back there with the police?

Billy comes up to the dog and allows him to sniff his palm.

BILLY

I think they caught the Nibbler. The guy like grabbed me. Thank God the police came. I would have beat the shit out of the guy.

Dodge smiles as Billy pets the dog.

DODGE

Very brave young man.

Billy shrugs like a modest superhero.

BILLY

Nice dog. Does it do any tricks?

DODGE

He's a sniffer. Can follow a trail 'bout a mile long?

BILLY

Bullshit?

DODGE

Really.

BILLY

Can he find me?

DODGE
Put a wager on it?

Billy pulls out his empty pockets.

DODGE (cont'd)
I think we can think of something.

Billy nods and holds out his hand for a shake.

BILLY
Cool.

Dodge reaches out his hand. There is red lip tattoos on his thumb and index finger.

Billy gets the chills as he shakes his hand.

DODGE
Make sure you are well hidden. Take
off your hoody.

Billy unzips the hoody revealing his shaved-bare chest.

Dodge allows the dog to sniff the hoody to get the boy's scent.

Billy vanishes down the street.

Now Dodge sniffs the hoody getting the boy's scent.

DODGE (cont'd)
Find'em, boy.

The dog gives chase with Dodge following, holding the leash.

ALLEY

The dog leads him down a dark alley.

DESERTED COMMERCIAL STREET

The dog sniffs the ground in a circle and then gives chase.

EXT. VACANT MOTEL - NIGHT

The dog leads Dodge to a fence encircling a gutted, fifty year old motel waiting for the wrecking ball.

Sign reads "No Trespassing."

Dodge scrutinizes the dark, foreboding two-story structure.

The dog finds a hole in the fence and scampers through it.

Dodge squeezes through the hole.

He unleashes the dog.

DODGE

Get'em.

The dog sniffs the ground and finds scent. He bounds up the rusted stairs leading up to the second level.

Dodge climbs the stairwell as the dog sniffs at each open room.

Dodge stalks down the corridor.

The dog sniffs and points to a room.

Suddenly, 1960's music plays from inside the room.

INT. OLD MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dodge enters the makeshift flop house. A stained mattress is in a corner with discarded clothes. Dodge steps and breaks a used syringe.

Light flickers from the bathroom and casts shadows on the room.

The dog sniffs at the opening which is made of hanging beads. The same beads that covered the opening of Phil's bathroom.

The beads glow with the illumination from inside the bathroom.

DODGE

(petting dog)

Stay. Keep watch at the door and bark if anybody comes.

Dodge pulls back the beads as the dog follows his command, keeping watch at the door.

BATHROOM

A candle flickers on top of a broken, dirt-stained sink.

The room is reminiscent of the one Dodge rapped Billy seventeen years ago.

There is a closed shower curtain and a transistor radio plays dangling from the shower curtain rod.

A LITTLE BOY GIGGLES (O.S. Behind the curtain)

Dodge turns off the music.

BILLY (O.S.)
(as a child)
Show me the talking mouse again.

Dodge finally remembers and balls his hand into a fist.

The red tattoo lips are piercing together.

Dodge searches for a makeshift weapon.

DODGE
You were such a pretty boy.

BILLY (O.S.)
(as a child)
Why did you kill my daddy?

Dodge picks up a piece of broken ceramic sink.

DODGE
I didn't. Seemed your daddy wasn't very pleased with me finding you soiled and defiled. Daddy put up quite a struggle until my father bashed his skull.

Silence.

Dodge is ready to pull back the curtain and strike.

DODGE (cont'd)
That was my father's intention from the start. He wasn't going to share any winnings. He had plans. However, he never expected on raising a deviant son such as me.

Dodge snaps open the curtains and finds the tub empty.

There is a couple of soiled pillows, a torn blanket, and a worn guitar.

A tile falls from the back of the shower wall.

Before Dodge can react. A rebar spear jettisons through and thrusts into his chest.

Dodge is impaled against the sink with blood dripping from his back into the drain.

His eyes are pained.

Suddenly, the back of the tub tiles are smashed out from behind.

Billy wears goggles and gloves holding a sledge hammer.

Billy flips up his goggles. His eyes are in rage in the reflective flicker of the candle flame.

However, this is not Billy. Bart has taken over.

BART
Murder 101. Never go back to the
scene of your crime.

He raises the sledgehammer.

BART (cont'd)
Smile wide.

He swings it into Dodge's mouth.

Bloody teeth lay on the floor.

EXT. VACANT MOTEL - NIGHT

POUNDING AND SCREAMS (O.S.) are the only dying sound near the deserted motel.

EXT. CLARK COUNTY DETENTION CENTER - MORNING

Quinn exits the jail with his belongings in a brown paper sack.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
You can go now. We registered you as
a sex offender.

QUINN (V.O.)
Did you find Phil?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
His clothes were missing. Appears
your little boyfriend plans to leave
town.

Quinn walks down the road behind the jail.

EXT. EXCLUSIVE DOWNTOWN HIGH RISE APARTMENTS - MORNING

A window is open on a balcony facing the Art District.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
Found another body.

QUINN (V.O.)
Was it him? Phil?

Dymphna walks out onto the balcony dressed like Barbara Stanwyck in "Double Indemnity."

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
He was beaten to a bloody pulp.

EXT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Quinn exits a taxi and walks to his apartment.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
Can't I.D. the body yet.

QUINN (V.O.)
Will you call me when you do?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)
Read it in the news.

The Golden Retriever waits for Quinn on his front door step.

The dog greets him with a wag of the tail.

Quinn pets him and finds a note attached to the dog collar.

EXT. EXCLUSIVE HIGH RISE APARTMENT - MORNING

A open convertible BMW leaves the parking structure.

QUINN (V.O.)
"Dear Doctor, Quinn, The Mighty
Quinn, or Hypnasty. Please accept
this gift as gratitude for your
wonderful service."

Dymphna drives down the streets of the Art District.

Her purse reveals a wad of cash before Dymphna snaps it closed.

QUINN (V.O.)
 "We could not have done it without you. You, my lover and friend, have helped save many lives."

The BMW turns on the I-95 freeway entrance.

Highway sign reads "North to Reno."

QUINN (V.O.)
 "Give the dog a loving home. His last owner was not very kind. Till we meet again. Adieu."

Dymphna speeds along the desert. Las Vegas is in the background.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

The dog drinks from a Tupperware bowl as Quinn dices up chicken into a dog bowl. He has a phone to his ear.

QUINN
 ...Not a word from him. You? (to dog)
 Need to get you some real dog food.
 (to phone) Really? He left you five thousand dollars? I got a dog.

DOOR BELL.

QUINN (cont'd)
 Hey Dolly, have someone at the door.
 Congratulations on the engagement.
 Call you tomorrow. Bye!

LIVING ROOM.

Quinn answers the door and is surprised to find the Detective holding a paper lunch sack.

QUINN (cont'd)
 Detective?

The dog bounds over and sniffs the Detective's shoes.

DETECTIVE
 Imagine this. A new dog?

QUINN
 Come in.

The Detective kneels while petting the dog.

DETECTIVE

We have I.D.'d our John Doe. It appears the Nibbler cared more about his dog than humans. Your new pooch has a G.P.S. tracker which led us back to you.

QUINN

Phil, Billy, whomever left the dog on my doorstep with a note.

DETECTIVE

Can I see the note?

QUINN

Sure.

Quinn hands him the note to read. The Detective exchanges the paper sack.

DETECTIVE

He never contacted you?

Quinn shakes his head as he extracts the Nesting Doll from the bag.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

Appears your boyfriend exacted revenge on the Nibbler.

QUINN

Stop calling him that.

Quinn analyzes the doll.

DETECTIVE

Nibbler?

QUINN

Boyfriend.

DETECTIVE

We have a name for the Nibbler. Dodge McCallister.

EXT. NEVADA BROTHEL - DAY

Dymphna pulls the BMW into the dusty parking lot of a lonely brothel along the deserted desert.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Charlie McCallister was his father. A miner from Lincoln county. Seems some seventeen years back ol' Charlie came into a wad of dough.

Dymphna exits the car and walks up to the door.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

He bought the rights to the mine he was working from the owner. He probably swindle the old codger. Right after the deed was signed, he hit pay dirt in an offshoot vein of silver.

She rings the bell.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Year after, he sells the rights to Comstock mines for millions.

INT. NEVADA BROTHEL - DAY

Dymphna stands before a lineup of PROSTITUTES in a gaudy decorated foyer.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

He dabbled in politics a bit and ended up buying himself a brothel.

Dymphna picks out a large breasted, MAE WEST PROSTITUTE.

QUINN (V.O.)

What about Dodge?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

The kid stayed at the ranch. Brothel. Prostitutes started to disappear and Dodge was shipped overseas to find new Asian employees.

Dymphna follows Mae down the hall. Dymphna peeks in each room as she walks by.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

I'm sure he could satisfy his salacious appetite for young men and women in Bangkok.

Dymphna is led into a girly bedroom.

BEDROOM

Dymphna sits at the end of the bed.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

The old man lost his legs and health to diabetes and is wheelchair bound. Dodge came back to roost in his father's exclusive condo which had a wonderful view of the Art District.

Mae performs a old West strip tease for Dymphna.

QUINN (V.O.)

Where's the old man?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Police are driving to his remote brothel now. We may not have enough evidence to convict him, but it'll be entertaining to watch him squirm as we detail his son's crimes.

QUINN (V.O.)

You won't get there in time.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Come again?

Dymphna rises and puts a wad of bills into Mae's bra.

QUINN (V.O.)

As they said, "You'll always play catch-up with us."

DYMPHNA

If I was here to fuck, I would surely love a long romp with you. However, can you point me in the direction of a Charlie McCallister.

Mae counts the hundreds.

Dymphna puts a finger to her lips.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

Our secret. I want to surprise him.

MAE

Follow me.

EXT. CHARLIE MCCALLISTER HOUSE - DAY

Dymphna stands before the front door of a lush double-wide mobile home. A PROSTITUTE abruptly comes out in disgust.

CHARLES (O.S.)
You're fired! Whore!

Dymphna enters.

INT. CHARLIE MCCALLISTER HOUSE - DAY

Dymphna walks through the hall and snaps up a two-foot high stone statuette depicting a nude man and woman entwined.

CHARLIE (55) rolls out in his wheelchair. He is missing both legs below the knees. He wears a black cowboy hat.

CHARLIE
Who the fuck are you?

Dymphna steps forward to confront him.

DYMPHNA
Charlie McCallister?

CHARLIE
That's my name. Now blow me.

She swings the statuette and knocks him across his head. The blow flips the wheelchair over with him.

EXT. CHARLIE MCCALLISTER HOUSE - LATER

Mae and the Prostitute watch as Dymphna carries Charlie like a backpack. He is slung over her shoulders as he holds his arms together like straps in front.

She backs up and plops him in the open convertible passenger seat. The wheelchair protrudes from the rear seat.

DYMPHNA
Can one of you dears get me some masking tape before he wakes?

MAE
What are you going to do with Charlie?

DYMPHNA
He's taking a ride to hell.

MAE

Honey, that asshole has been on that ride since I first met him.

DYMPHNA

Then I'll end it.

EXT. DUSTY DESERT ROAD - DAY

Dymphna drives the convertible across the desolate desert with a cloud of dust bellowing up behind her. She wears dark sun glasses.

Charlie opens his eyes in the passenger seat. He is surprised to find his mouth and hands taped together.

DYMPHNA

Thought I killed you.

He moans.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

Your son has a pimped-out ride.

Charlie examines the car. He is frightened.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

He did. We killed your little Nibbler.

Charlie wiggles on his limbs and thrusts himself over the door.

Dymphna locks the brakes into a skid in a cloud of dust.

She lifts her glasses to peer back. Charlie wallows on the dirt road.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)

Honestly? (she giggles) We shouldn't laugh at a person's disability. (she laughs) But I can.

EXT. GHOST MINING TOWN - DAY

Dymphna drives past remains of Nevada ghost mines. Charlie is back in the saddle, the passenger seat. He is covered with blood and dust from the road accident. Dirty tape dangles from his lips.

CHARLIE
You are a dude.

Dymphna brakes near an old mine.

DYMPHNA
And so much more.

CHARLIE
What are you going to do with me? Why
are you doing this? I'll pay you.

DYMPHNA
With our dead Father's money? You'll
pay.

EXT. MINE SHAFT - DAY

Dymphna rolls Charlie in the wheelchair toward an open mine shaft.

Signs reads "DANGER - BEWARE OPEN MINE PITS."

Charlie flops out of the wheelchair.

DYMPHNA
Really? Again, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I'm handicapped.

DYMPHNA
Boo-hoo.

Dymphna grabs Charlie's arms and drags him toward the shaft.

Charlie bites her hand.

She stops at the crest of the hole as Charlie chomps deeper into her skin.

She yanks herself away from him.

CHARLIE
I'll triple your salary. What do you
get out of this?

DYMPHNA
(spelling)
R.E.V.E.N.G.E.

CHARLIE
 (quietly)
 Revenge.

She kicks him into the hole.

SCREAMS. THUD!

She reviews her bloody wound from his bite.

DYMPHNA
 Like father, like son...

She rolls the wheelchair into the hole.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)
 Both dead.

She puts on her sun glasses and strolls back to the car.

DYMPHNA (cont'd)
 Why don't you drive for a change?

Dymphna pulls off her wig and wipes the makeup off her face in the side mirror.

PHIL
 Better have packed my jeans. Guitar.

He jumps into the front seat.

PHIL (cont'd)
 This car is so not us.

She drives away and the black cowboy hat flies from the back seat and floats in the wind.

EXT. OFF STRIP CASINO - NIGHT

A cheap billboard introduces "The New and Improved, DR HYPNASTY SHOW. (Now With Full Nudity)."

INT. CASINO SHOWROOM - NIGHT

A LARGE CROWD is being hypnotized.

A NUDE COUPLE ENTWINED ON A SWING GOES BACK AND FORTH LIKE A SEXUAL PENDULUM ON SCREEN.

AUDIENCE (O.S.)
 Oooo... Ahhhh....

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)

Now FOCUS. If you're a female FOCUS on the male. If you are a male FOCUS on the female. If you feel inclined FOCUS on your own gender. ME, I like em both, so if you're a SWINGER like me, double your pleasure.

Embarrassed laughter peppers the audience.

Dolly and Brice are mesmerized in amongst the audience. Dolly is seven months pregnant.

Quinn sadly scans the audience for anyone that resembles Phil or Dymphna.

DR. HYPNASTY (V.O.)

Now FOCUS. Close your eyes. Feel the rhythm of the swing, swinging back and forth. Relax your body. Feel the sensation of the moment. Relax with the ebb and flow. Let your uninhibited spirit soar entwined in an awakening of love and sex.

EXT. BLACK ROCK DESERT NEVADA - DAY

The ever-burning sun warms Phil as he strums the guitar on the hood of a car.

The classy BMW is now painted into a colorful, psychedelic abstraction of their self-expression.

Phil sings a folk song.

As we pull back, it is revealed Phil is not alone. He is part of a community.

He is at the center of the universe which is BURNING MAN. FESTIVAL FOLKS surround him listening to his song.

Here amongst the thousands of colorful characters, the Nesting Doll is celebrated.

FADE TO BLACK:

The End.